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Training Chinese Boys.

The past year has been one of prosperity in our Tientsin School work, writes the Rev. Frederick Brown, of the Methodist Mission.

We have eighty-nine boys enrolled. In common with other missions we had our Country Day-schools, but felt that when the boys had reached a certain standard more advanced teachers should be sent, or that selected boys should be brought to centers where a proper teaching staff was available. The latter proposition was adopted, and hence our scholars are from places hundreds of miles apart, met here for the express purpose of carrying on their education further than would be possible in their homes.

A course of 'Monday lectures' has been arranged for during the winter months, to which all Mandarin-speaking young men are very welcome. The attendance has ranged from ninety to over two hundred. After each lecture our boys are encouraged to write essays, some of which show a very intelligent idea of the subject under discussion. Thus we have attempted to place within reach of the poorest a mine of knowledge, which is not procurable from books translated into Chinese.

During the winter months a number of boys have gone to the city chapel once a week to assist by singing and to help in the service as they were able. They have attracted many to hear the Gospel who would have passed by on the other side but for the work of the boys. The Christian students are thus given opportunity for practical training in telling interestingly the Gospel message.

The Chinese will have education, and it behooves the church to give the present generation a Christian education. Unless we believe in this thoroughly we would not be willing to give time and energy to the undertaking. Here are three illustrative examples:

BOYS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL AT PLAY.
(A Reproduction of Chinese Art.)

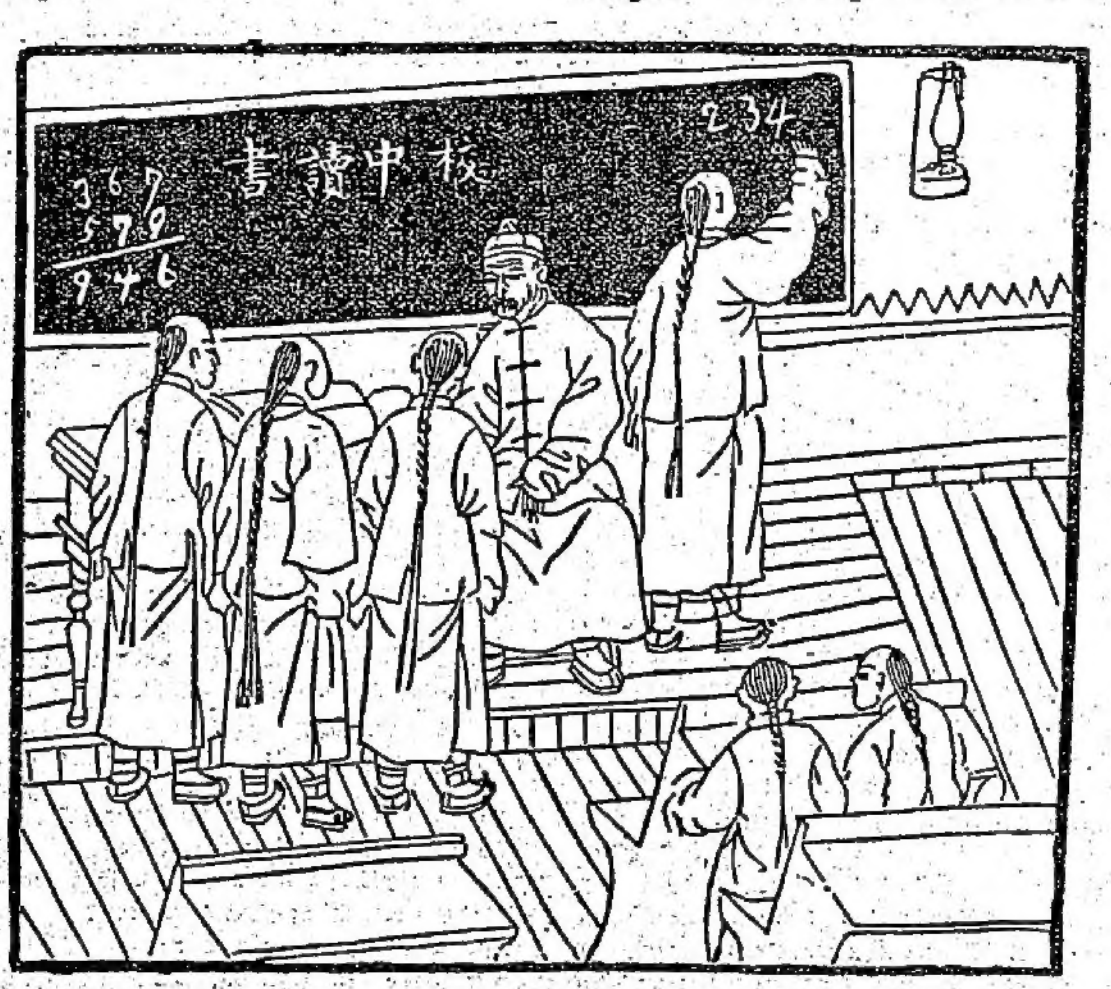
Boy No. 1 came to us last May from a non-Christian home, and his father was anxious to have him enter our school as a paying scholar. On Sunday morning I heard an unusual noise in the school-room, and looking in saw the Christian boys praying, and the burden of their prayers was that this boy might become a Christian. He is now a believer and probationer in the Church.

Boy No. 2 came to us from his home three hundred English miles away in Shantung Province. Twenty years ago his grandfather had visited Peking where he entered a mission chapel and heard the Gospel. He became interested and took tracts to his home; after a while he embraced Christianity. His wife wished to know something of this 'Jesus Religion.' On asking her son about it he volunteered to wheel his mother on his barrow all the way to Peking, three hundred miles away. They went. To-day grandfather is dead, father is a trusted native minister, and grandson is in our school, and at present holds the 'Cousins' Scholarship.

Boy No. 3. Our best and brightest boy left us for Peking University last June; he had held the 'Pethick' Scholarship for four years, and will, in years to come, give a good account of himself.

This school is affiliated with Peking University, and students may proceed thither if they are able to pass the entrance examination.

'It is a matter for congratulation that so much of the educational work in China is in the hands of Christian men,' was remarked in our missionary prayer-meeting lately; and again, 'China is ready to move bodily toward the West for education; why not have it a Christian education?' Education is at 'flood-tide' in China just now. It is the avenue through which we are able to reach the Chinese heart. Where they are able we make them pay; but unfortunately many of those who desire the benefits of the school are poor and are unable to bear the cost. Unless we had kind friends to help we could not do the work committed to us by the church.—'Illustrated Christian World.'



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE RECITATION ROOMS.

Went to Find Fault.

When Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Carnegie Hall, New York city, the following incident occurred, which shows how those who oftentimes go to a gospel service to find fault are completely changed in their opinions.

At the close of the services the following conversation was over-heard in a street car. A well-dressed man in the car was accosted by a gentleman, who said:

'You do not mean to tell me you are coming from the Moody meetings?' to which the man replied, 'Yes, I am, and I'll tell you what I went there for,' at the same time pulling a note-book from his pocket. 'I went

for the purpose of picking flaws and finding fault with Mr. Moody, and his talk.'

'Well,' said the other man, 'I suppose you had no difficulty in finding plenty of flaws to pick; you must have a book full.'

He opened the book and showed the blank pages, saying, 'I did not make a single mark, in fact I could not.'

The other man laughed heartily. 'Well,' said the man, 'you need not laugh, for I honestly went there to find fault and pick flaws. I had no confidence whatever in Mr. Moody, or his preaching; but I have come away with the firm conviction that, not only is he doing no harm, by what he is preaching, but I believe that if people would follow out the precepts he is advocating this world would be a different world.'

The other man said, with almost a sneer, 'I am certainly very much surprised at you, of all people. I shall expect to hear the next thing, that you are one of Moody's converts.'

The other replied with considerable warmth, 'I wish I were; indeed I do.'

A man sitting near who had intently listened to the conversation, and who evidently knew both the men who had been talking, spoke up, saying:

'I do not think you had better find fault with Mr. Moody. I have just been to hear him myself. I did not think any more of him or his preaching than you. I went to hear him because I had a man working for me who urged me so hard to go that I finally went, because the man who asked me is the very best man I have in my employ. After I heard Mr. Moody talk I said to myself, "I believe it is that kind of talk and that kind of religion that makes this employee of mine so faithful and so trusty. I wish I had some more of the same kind working for me."'

The men left the car one by one not long afterwards, but there was a seriousness in their faces that impressed one anew with the wonderful strength of the gospel of Christ, preached in fearlessness and straightforwardness as it is done by that one whom God is using so mightily, Mr. Moody.

What a strong testimony this was to the power of the simple, plain, clear gospel, preached in simplicity with a prayerful, consistent, honest life behind it!—'Onward.'

Is That You, Johnnie?

The Rev. John McNeil, speaking in Exeter Hall, London, made use of the following illustration in the exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm:

'We don't like darkness. I remember once, when I was a lad, — for I was a lad, you know; I think some of my brethren were born with a Geneva gown on their backs, and I was not a model boy—when I was a lad, I was in a booking office in a certain town, and no matter how late we were on getting through our work on the Saturday, I started away home so as to wake up at home on the Sunday morning, and spend the day with father and mother and the others in that little dear old village. During the week I lived in lodgings in the town. The road home from that town lies through the valley of the shadows—a long, dreary, lonely glen. On Saturdays you must have late trains, and you keep poor booking clerks at it very late. I remember one Saturday night it was almost midnight when I got clear of the booking office, and started to tramp six or seven miles down through that lonely glen to get home. The road has a bad name. It is the highway between one seaport and another, and there are ugly stories about men being knocked down and robbed. I was a young, nervous lad of about seventeen, and you will think of such stories and think that your time is coming. There he is, springing through a hedge at you. This particular night was very black, and two miles outside of our little village the road gets blacker than ever — a high wooded hill on the right, and another on the left, and no light from moon or star, or kindly cottage window. I was just entering this dark defile, blacker than a wolf's jaw, and I was in such a hurry to get home that I was only touching the road here and there, so to speak, when suddenly, I thought my heart would leave me, and then it came leaping back into me. About a hundred yards ahead, in the densest of the darkness, there suddenly rang out a great, strong, *cheery voice*, "*Is* that you, Johnnie?" It was my father, the bravest, strongest man I ever knew. He knew it was a black, dark, gruesome night, and that I was nervous—for if I was his son, as I am for strength, I was *my mother's* for a kind of nervousness shot all through it—and like a father he arranged, don't you see, to be waiting for me at the worst of it, at the gloomiest of it, at the blackest of it, just where my fears would be worst and *my* nervousness greatest. I was thinking of him away at home, sitting in the blaze and the ruddy glow of the fire, thinking of his boy, of course, trudging through the mire and the mud, when suddenly he cried out. Even when he saved me from my fears he rather increased them for a little. But when I steadied myself, and knew who it was, I was as good as at home. Home is not merely four square walls, and my home met me in the middle of that blackness and midnight darkness. Many a time since, when fears have been in the way, for I, also, have had my troubles—please remember, no matter what troubles you have, you have had none of mine, you have only your own share, and I have none of yours, but only my own share—many a time since, when things have been getting very black and gloomy round about me I have heard a voice greater than that of any earthly parent cry, "Fear not, for I am with thee"; and lo! God's foot is rising and falling on the road beside my own. I had thought of God too much as away off yonder at home in the blaze and happiness of heaven, no doubt thinking of me, his child, plunging through fog, and blackness, and mud, and mire down here on earth, but his voice speaks in my startled ear beside me. Don't think of him as being millions of miles away in a place called heaven, seated on a cross-bench called a throne, driving suns and moons, and comets, and things, he is here. That is, he is on the eternal throne of power, but he is also with us. "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Sometimes his very nearness startles us, even while it saves us. Some of you women know that there is no use arguing with nervousness. I often think that it is a very cruel thing to laugh at nervousness, and there is no use arguing with it. If you live in the country, and your husband happens to ask you to go through the village to somewhere and back in the black night, no power on earth can make you go. You are so nervous you would not dare to budge out of the house at night. Your husband may say, 'My dear, there is nothing to be afraid of. It is all the same as during the day; the lights are not there, that is all.' It is not all the same to you. But if your husband said. 'Well, now, my dear, I will not argue with you any longer, I will go with you myself." "Well," you would say, "get me my bonnet." If he will go with you, the night becomes light about you. I tell you, we are nervous at the best, and no wonder. Sin has left that sediment behind it. Thank God if it is no more than that. A kind of eeriness and nervousness it is, and although we know that Christ has died, and our sins are blotted out, and heaven is our home, and the promises are "yea, and amen in Christ Jesus," God knows, my sister, that you are nervous, and he says, "My child, the road is long, it may be, and it is gloomy, and it is a dark world, and I see you are nervous, and you start, my child, I will go with you myself." The Lord is with thee. Every step thou takest, he is with thee.

'When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.'

The Name of Jesus.

Some missionaries who went to Greenland, finding the people very ignorant, and knowing nothing about Jesus, thought they were not ready to hear about him until they had learnt other things first. So they spent twelve years teaching them that there was a God—that it was wrong to lie, steal, etc. Not till the missionaries read to them about Jesus, his life, and death, was their attention awakened. Greatly impressed, they crowded round, 'Oh! tell us that over again,' and wept bitterly over their sins. Numbers were converted, and it was the name of Jesus that made them Christians.—Rev. R. Newton's 'The Great Pilot.'

What Can I Do?

(R. L. Werry, in Montreal 'Witness.')

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'
Asked a little girl one day,
As she thought of the sorrow that day and night
Filled many a heart, once gay,
'I will ask my father to vote as he prays;
I will ask the drunkard if drinking pays;
I will do my best in all possible ways;
For the temperance cause.'

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'
Asked a boy as he walked down street,
While drink-made misery everywhere
His wondering eyes did greet.
'I will ask my father to think of me,
When he goes to the poll, and I think that he
Will vote to make our country free,
And save his boy.'

'What should I do with the plebiscite?'
Asked a father with anxious heart,
As he thought of his girl who would soon be a wife
And his boy soon in business to start;
'Shall I vote for a traffic that ever destroys,
That ruins our country's best girls and boys;
Shall I fool with the ballot, like children with toys,
Or play the man?'

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'
Asked a mother with whitening hair,
Who for many a year had suffered and toiled,
And of trouble had borne her share.
'I cannot preach, but I still can pray,
And hope for the dawn of a brighter day,
When the demon of drink shall no more have sway.
Soon may it come!'

'What may the plebiscite do for me?'
Asked a man, to drink a slave.
'Is there any hope for a wretch like me;
Is there anything that can save?
If legislation or other power
Can remove temptation, and fates that lower,
O haste, high heaven, the happy hour,
That makes me free!'

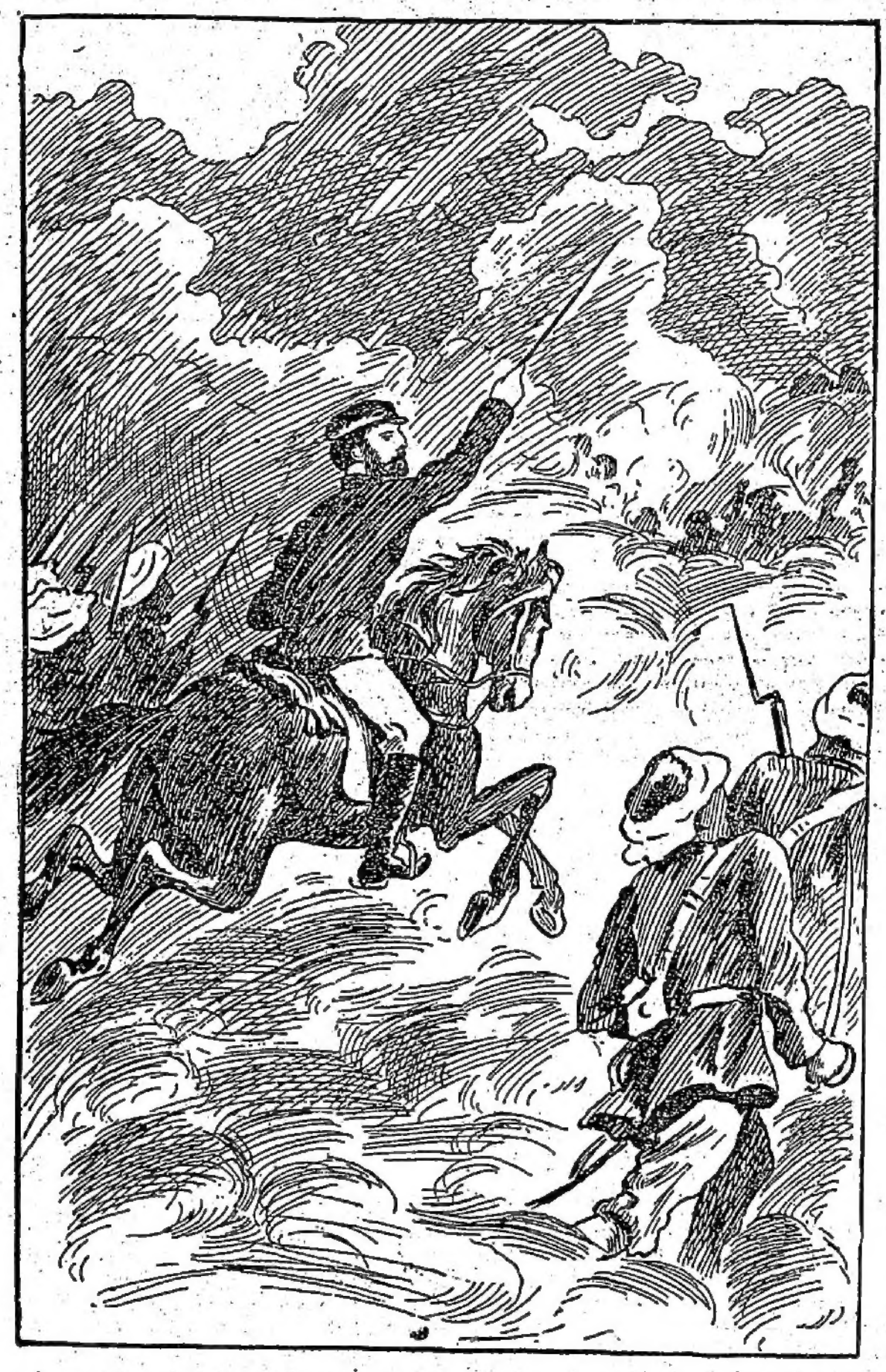
BOYS AND GIRLS

Gordon in China.

(By Dr. Gordon Stables.)

The Tai-pings were in number like the sands of the sea-shore. Counting the forces of Chung, the Faithful King, probably the army that confronted Gordon in Soochow and elsewhere amounted to about 100,000 men. Gordon's intention was a tremendous and daring assault upon the north-west wall of Soochow.

The attack was to be made at night, and



Gordon, never forgetful of the minor details of fighting, gave orders that all his men should wear white turbans or purgrees, lest they might mistake each other for the enemy.

The assault took place at one o'clock in the morning, Gordon's gallant fellows advancing in silence to the strong stockade. Gordon led the advance. Gordon was armed to the teeth—with a cane! He had nothing else, save his own dauntless courage, and his little bible, or Prayer-Book. Near to Gordon were Major Williams and Major Howard.

At first the surprise was complete, for our hero and his brave fellows got through the outer works; but next came the inner, and very strong stockade. It was a forlorn hope, and the marvel is that Gordon was not killed.

'Scarcely,' says Hake, 'were the troops at the front engaged on the stockade to support their commander, when the Tai-pings opened a tremendous fire of grape and musketry. The rebel line seemed one line of fire, while the attacking party were throwing rockets and shells.'

But the firing becomes fiercer than ever. And then, alas! the retreat is sounded, and Gordon withdraws, repelled but not defeated.

* * * * *

Early on the morning of the 29th, therefore, Gordon's guns once more began to thunder, and soon a terrible assault was delivered. All our hero's forces were to the front. They fought desperately and against fearful odds, swarming up breastworks with sword and climbing stockades, sometimes even swimming ditches.

Death or victory! Yes, that's what it meant.

Yet Gordon's men are paying deeply and dearly with their very heart's blood for the victory that is to come. But lo! see, there is a wilder, madder rush of the enemy than ever, and Gordon, with but a handful of his men, is cut off from the main body of his army.

Will he be taken prisoner and instantly killed? Not he. He just looks once behind him. He sees at a glance he cannot rejoin his force. At any rate, like all Scotsmen, he has a horror of going back. A true Gordon never yet went back in scenes of danger, nor turned his back upon a friend.

'On, lads, on!' he shouts, waving his cane—his magic wand of victory. On they rush!

It seems to be to certain death. But no, the stockades he enters are nearly empty—they are completely empty before Gordon has finished with them. Now with his handful of brave men he captures a fort. More of his men come up. Victory is won! But in that one desperate assault fifty of Gordon's privates were slain, and many of his own staff, Scotch and English.—'Our Darlings.'

The Shepherd of the Sewing Machine.

(By the Rev. S. M. Zwemer, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

In the blue waters of the Persian Gulf there lies a coral island called Bahrein. At a few hundred yards to the north-east of it is a still smaller island shaped like a pack-saddle, where palm trees and white coral-rock houses are reflected in the salt water at high tide. The little island town is called Moharrek, that is, the Burning place, because it is very hot there in summer. After sailing across in a boat one day, and wending our way through a dirty bazar full of flies and Arabs, we were directed to the house of the man called 'The Shepherd of the Sewing Machine.' His real name is Mohammed bin Sooltaan, but nobody knows him by any other name or title than Race el karkham, which literally means shepherd of the sewing-machine. Let me tell you his story and how he got that queer name.

Years ago, as pilot on the native boats that sail from Bahrein to Bombay, Calcutta, Zanzibar and Jiddah, he had experience of a wider world than the little island where he was born But the life was a hard one and his wages small. Moreover, the coming of steamships up the Gulf took away the profit of the sailing craft, and so Mohammed fared from bad to worse. He loved an Arab lass with plaited, well-greased locks of hair and a pleasant face, but her father asked a larger dowry than he could ever pay.

Finally he once more went in a ship to Jiddah, the port to Mecca, where pilgrims from all the Moslem world exchange thought and money for bad bread and fanaticism. And yet even here the civilization of the West tries to enter. Wandering through the bazars Mohammed for the first time saw a sewing-machine in the hands of an Indian tailor. A marvel to the sailor fisherman, indeed! Almost as great a miracle to him as the Koran. The more he looked the more he coveted, and he could not pass the place without reckoning up the possible profits of such an investment should he return with it to his native island. The result was that he forswore the sea and preferred another kind of wheel to that of the pilot. With many mutual wallahs the bargain was concluded and the machine reached Bahrein. It was the first on the islands, and all the sheikhs came to see its marvellous build and wonderful work. Mohammed has a Western head on Eastern shoulders, and there was not a screw or tension from treadle to

shuttle, which he did not learn the use of. It is unnecessary to state at the cost of how many broken needles he became proficient. Amid cries of ajeeb, ajeeb, the first Arab shirt was stitched together, and even the youngsters on the street imitated the whirr-click-whirr of the machine. As for Mohammed, he sewed on, and while his sandalled feet worked the treadle his mind worked out a problem something like this: Three long-shirts a day and an abba, at one kran per shirt and two for the abba, thirty-five krans per week, how long will it take to pay the dowry? And the shepherd of the sewing-machine worked away.

In a few months he paid a visit to the Mullah and that same night the rebaba and drum rang out merry music around the palm-leaf hut of his beloved. But the music of the machine sounded still sweeter next morning. Daily bread with rice, fish and dates, and on rare occasions even mutton, all came out of the machine. He loved the very iron of it and, as he told us, read a prayer over it every morning: Bismillahi er rahman er raheem. His was the only machine, and a small monopoly soon makes a capitalist. His palm-branch hut was exchanged for a house of stone; and Allah blessed him greatly. No shepherd was ever more tender to his little lambs than Mohammed to the old machine.

When we entered the house on our first visit, there stood the machine! Not much the worse for wear, and with 'Pfaff. C. Theodosius, Constantinople,' still legible on the nickle-plate. But the old machine had found a rival. By its side stood a 'New Home' machine which looked strangely familiar to American eyes. It was while comparing the machines and drinking Arab coffee that we learned from Mohammed why he prized the old one as better. 'Wallah,' he said, 'I would not sell it for many times its original price. There is blessing in it, and all I have come from that machine, praise be to Allah.' And we sipped his cups and heard his story and ceased to wonder why he was called the shepherd of the sewing-machine. The shepherd has a brother who wants to learn English and goes to Bombay every year—but that is another story.

Positive John.

(By Frances Eleanor Hart, in S.S. 'Times.')

'Mamma, do you remember my new pencil that I bought the other day? Well, it disappeared from my desk.'

'Do you think you put it in your desk?' asked his mother.

'Yes, I know I put it there; I am positive about it. I left it in my desk, and to-day it is not there.'

'Try to think when you had it last, John,' said his mother. 'You are so positive about things, and so sure you are right, that you do not take time to think. You may not have left your pencil in your desk at all.'

'Well, I may be wrong sometimes,' said John, 'but this time I remember all about it. I know I am right, for I remember leaving it at school, and, of course, I would leave it in my own desk. I know I left it there.'

'I am sorry you are so positive about it, John; but, as you say you remember all about it, and that you know you left it in school, then whose pencil can this be on the table? I saw the pencil and the penknife here this morning after you had gone to school. I thought they were yours.'

John went to the table and took the pencil and knife in his hand. His face grew red, and then he said:

'These are mine. I remember all about it now! I brought my pencil home from school to sharpen it, and I left it and my knife here on the table, and then forgot all about it.'

'And, yet, you said you remembered all about leaving it in school, you knew you left it there, instead of saying you were sure you left it.'

A few days after this John's grandfather gave him a gold piece on his birthday.

'I would not give it to you, John,' he said, 'only I know you put your money in bank—that is, the money you get for presents you put in bank.'

John was much pleased. His grandfather had never *before* given him a gold piece, and he ran about the house showing it to every one.

As soon as he would show it he would put it in his purse, and then in a few minutes he would take it out again to see if it was safe.

'You must not keep that gold piece in your purse,' his mother said. 'You could easily lose it.'

'Not much danger of my losing it,' John said. 'There is not much danger of my losing this present. I don't expect to have another birthday very soon.'

'You certainly will not before another year,' his mother said, 'and then your grandfather may not give you such a present. If you should keep it in your purse, you could easily mistake it for a bright cent. Put it in your little box, and not in your purse, and then your father will put it in bank for you.'

'Yes, I will put it in my box,' John said; 'but I know, if I should carry it in my purse, I could not give it to anybody instead of a cent. I am too smart for that. Some people might make that kind of a mistake—some people who are nearly blind, or who are very careless; but I know I would not do such a foolish thing.'

'John, *say* you think you would not do it. You must not say you know you would not, for that is not true, for you do not know that you would not. If I should carry it in my purse I should not know at all that I should not mistake it for a cent. I want you to be less positive.'

John put the purse in his pocket. He decided that when he went upstairs he would put the gold piece in his money-box. But he forgot to go upstairs, and began to sharpen his pencil.

Afterward he went out to buy a sponge; then he remembered he needed a little blank-book, so he went to the book-store to buy it. On his way home he bought some nuts, and then he went to the cake store to get a ginger-cake.

The next day his mother asked him if he had put his gold piece in his money-box.

'Oh! I forgot all about it,' he said. 'I meant to do it when I went upstairs.'

'Then go now and do it,' his mother said. 'It is not the right way to wait till after a while when you may possibly be going upstairs. The right way is to go at once and attend to it.'

'I did not want to go all the way upstairs just to put my money away. I thought I would have some other errand up there after a while.'

'You need not wait for any other errand. I think you will have none more important. And I expected you to attend to it yesterday, when I told you.'

John took his purse from his pocket and opened it, to take out his gold piece, but he could not find it. He looked carefully among the bright pennies, examining each one, but there was no gold piece there. He looked again and again, but it was not there.

'What is the matter, John?' his mother asked.

'I—I—cannot find my gold piece,' he stammered.

'Perhaps you did put it in the box,' she said.

'Oh, no!' he said gloomily; 'I am sure I did not put it there.'

'You are so often sure of a thing, and afterward find you are wrong, that I would like you to go and see whether or not you did put it away.'

John ran upstairs, but he soon returned, saying it was not there.

'Have you spent any money since you put the gold piece in your purse?'

'Oh, yes! I have bought several things; but I do not remember where I got the nuts nor where I got the blank-book—I do not remember whether it was Tenth or Eleventh street, or perhaps it was Eighth street.'

John was very much distressed. He went and stood by his mother's side, and there was a tremor in his voice when he said:

'Here is my purse, mamma, will you look in it?'

His mother looked carefully through the purse, counting over the few pennies.

'No, my dear,' she said kindly; 'it is not here, and, as you cannot tell where you bought those things, I do not know how we can try to find it.'

'I am sorry it was grandfather's money,' said John. 'I wish it had been Aunt Nellie's, or yours—you would not have thought it so dreadful; but grandfather will think I was so careless'—

And then poor John threw his arms around his mother's neck, and cried, and could say no more.

His mother held him in her arms, and when his sobs grew fainter, she said:

'Perhaps, my dear, it is well that it is your grandfather's present that you have lost, for it may make you more careful. Of course, you know why it is lost?'

'Yes,' said John sadly; 'if I had put it away when you told me, it would have been safe in my money-box now. I said I knew I could not lose it.'

'I hope, dear, it will make you less positive and more careful.'

'Oh, there he is now!' John exclaimed, as he heard his grandfather's voice. And in a few moments, when he was seated in his armchair, John went to him, and told him everything, not sparing himself at all.

His grandfather listened attentively, and, when John had finished, he drew the boy closer to him, and said:

'I am very sorry, my boy, to hear, first, of your disobedience in not putting the money away, and then of your loss. I am very sorry for your disappointment, because I cannot give you another gold piece at present; but I will tell you what has gratified me very much, and that is that you have come to me at once and told me all about it yourself. That pleases me very much, and I shall not be afraid to trust a gold piece in your hands another time, for I think you have learned a lesson.'

The next day, when John's mother went to the cake-store, the woman said:

'I have been looking for some of your family to come in. Yesterday, when your boy bought a cake, he put down his money and went away, and, when I took it to put it in the drawer, I found that he had given me a gold piece instead of a penny. I hurried to the door, but he was running down the street. Do you suppose he knew he had a gold piece among his pennies?'

'Yes, he knew it, and he has been very unhappy since he lost it.'

At the tea-table John's mother told about her visit to the cake-store. 'And there is the gold piece,' she said, as she laid it on the table.

John looked astonished. It seemed al-

most impossible for him to realize that his lost money was found. He examined the little coin, and then gave it to his father.

'You take it, papa,' he said. 'Please put it in the bank for me. I shall not trust any more gold pieces to my purse for a good while—not till I learn to be more careful of them.'

The German Crown Prince.

(By Marie E. Belloc, in 'Leisure Hour.')

Among the young heirs apparent of Europe the Crown Prince of Germany possesses the least known, but not the least interesting personality. He has the distinction of being the first prince born in direct heirship to the Imperial Hohenzollern line, and his birth, which took place on May 6, 1882, was hailed with a chorus of delight by United Germany. The fourth Emperor, as he was styled by some of his great-grandfather's most enthusiastic supporters, was christened Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, and as the eldest son of William II., he may be said to have been brought up entirely under the shadow of his great-grandfather, rather than under that of Frederick the Noble, whose death unfortunately occurred before he could exercise the slightest personal influence on his young grandson.

The Crown Prince, who is now a serious-looking lad of fifteen, is said by those about him to be thoroughly imbued with a sense of his future responsibilities. He already takes life sternly, and dreams of being a second Frederick the Great. He has been his father's constant companion from early childhood, and, unlike most of those destined to occupy a throne, he is even now being brought up to be a man of war rather than a man of peace. One of his first toys was a miniature fortress, the erection of which cost 600,000 marks, and which was a present from the great Krupp himself; and long before he entered the Cadets' School at Ploen, Prince William's military education had been pushed, as will be seen, to the utmost point.

On the Crown Prince's tenth birthday he put away childish things, and on the table where his birthday presents had been placed by the loving hands of his mother and little brothers, were also lying the orders of the Black and Red Eagle, and the uniform of a Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards, a commission being the Emperor's birthday gift to his son and heir, who received the honor a year sooner than is customary with Prussian princes. On the same day, just before reviewing the regiment, William II. made a long speech, and, in conclusion, said, 'The Crown Prince is not yet old enough for military service, but it is of supreme importance that he should learn in the regiment those habits of discipline and obedience which have always been the foundation of the army.' The First Foot Guards were then led past the Empress by the Emperor, while the hero of the occasion in his role of youngest officer, marched behind the first platoon. The German 'Official Military Gazette,' announced that, 'The Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia has been appointed Sub-Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards, and a la suite of the Second Landwehr Guards.' It is significant that the only other officer a la suite of the latter Regiment is Prince Bismarck.

Small wonder that with such a training, Prince William, as he is even now called by the members of his father's household, should be an ardent imperialist, and it was characteristic that when a phonograph first made its appearance at the New Palace the little boy, as he then was, sang into it the German National Anthem.

As is natural, German opinion is very much divided as to the education and training bestowed on the Crown Prince. One who has had many opportunities of seeing the Imperial household declares that Germany's future Emperor is 'healthy alike in mind and body; simply, piously, and admirably brought up by both father and mother.' On the other hand, William II. early determined that his heir should not accept the patronage of any social or philanthropic association, and as long as he is a minor the Crown Prince of Germany will only have a right to put military titles after his name.

As regards their physical education, all the six sons of the German Emperor and Empress have been brought up in a very Spartan fashion. The Crown Prince rides admirably, and has on more than one occasion displayed fearless courage when out riding with his father. The Emperor himself planned the scheme of education to be pursued in the case of his eldest son, and military discipline was early observed in the Prince's private apartments. He has never been to the theatre except to see an historical or patriotic play performed by special command of his father; and his only accomplishment is that of violin playing; indeed the future German Emperor's taste for music almost amounts to a passion, and is probably the special gift he has inherited from his great-grandfather, the late Prince Consort, whom he is said to resemble in personal appearance. What may be called the civil side of the Crown Prince's education has not been neglected. Among his tutors there have always been at least one Englishman and one Frenchman, but great stress has always been laid upon the importance of the Prince's being thoroughly instructed in everything that specially affects Germany and German Imperial interests. Thus the Crown Prince is well acquainted with all that affects his father's colonial empire, and it is not unlikely that, instead of enjoying any of the many opportunities of visiting European countries which were given to William II. when a boy, he will make a prolonged tour in the colonies. At present the Crown Prince and the brother who has hitherto shared many of his interests and pastimes, are at Ploen, where they regularly attend the classes of the great military college established some years ago in the ancient Royal Schloss. It is believed that the two princes will remain there till the year 1900, when the Crown Prince will spend some time in one of the German Universities, presumably Bonn, where both his father and grandfather passed several happy years of student life.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

The quartette of drink, debt, dirt and doubt is to many a man but another version of the game of follow your leader.

How We Stopped the Supply.

One morning, near the close of the wheat harvest, our brother Sam came home from the fields in a towering rage, and walked into the dairy where the mother was making butter. I knew something must have greatly disturbed him, for, passing near a cider bottle, waiting to be filled, he gave a savage kick, sending it rolling for a considerable distance along the paved yard. The bottle was a wooden one, exactly like a small cask, and rolled beautifully.

'Whatever is the matter, Sam?'

'I can't stand it any longer, mother.'

'Stand what, my boy?' at the same time putting a finishing touch to a pat of butter she was artistically shaping. 'Was the bottle in your way?'

'Aye, that's just the mischief of it, mother. It's always in the way, and I'd like to kick every bottle off the farm, and knock in the head of every cask down in the cellars.'

'But what particular harm have the bottles been doing this morning?'

'Doing? Why, there's every man about the place half-drunk.'

'I cannot understand it, Sam, for the cider is not by any means considered strong. Possibly their bottles are filled from the wrong cask. 'Sally!' calling to the dairy-maid, 'where did the men have their cider from this morning?'

'Out o' th' furder corner, missis,' was the reply. 'T'other cask was out.'

'Ah! I thought so.'

'Why, that's uncle Dick's particular tipple!' laughed Sam.

'He will be vexed,' said mother, quietly going on with her butter-making.

The farm was our mother's, managed by my big brother, who was ten years older than I, and as good as he was big. We had all been total abstainers about three years, but still, as was the custom in our part of the country, gave the men a daily allowance of cider.

Sam seated himself upon the edge of one of the large milk-leads and munched a huge slice of bread-and-butter he had just cut, assisting its descent with copious draughts of fresh whey. He was evidently at the same time turning the cider question over in his mind. Presently he spoke out with characteristic decision:

'Look here, mother, the only way out of the difficulty is to stop the supply of drink to the men. Here we are, ourselves total abstainers because we know the drink to be bad, poisoning the men with it every day. I know you are not comfortable about it.'

'I'm afraid you will have no end of trouble with the men, besides upsetting the neighbors.'

'I don't see what the neighbors have to do with it. As for the men, I can settle the matter with them. Besides, mother mine, you have always taught us to do right and leave the consequences.'

'You shouldn't corner your mother, Sam,' and the dear soul gave him a loving smile; 'but I cannot go back from my teaching; so take the matter in hand, if you will, only don't act rashly.'

'I'll be very careful, mother, for your sake, sweet lover of peace. The men shall have full notice before any change is made.'

The first intimation of any change was made about two months before Christmas, Sam speaking to them one evening as they came up to receive their wages. It had always been the custom to give them cider when they were paid, but on this occasion they were regaled with coffee instead.

'How do you like the coffee, men?' Sam inquired.

'It's main good, mester Sam'l. It warms

one's innards on a cold night, and you has our best thanks, sir.'

This was said on behalf of himself and the others by the carter, one of the oldest hands on the farm.

'I am glad you like it,' was the reply, 'and when you come up to the house in future we shall offer you coffee or something like instead of cider. Good night, all,' and he left the kitchen before anything could be said.

About a fortnight after, on a similar occasion, Sam said to them:

'I am glad you like the coffee, all. Suppose you bring your wives up next week to give their opinion. Good-night,' and he was off again before any reply could be made.

'What do un mane, Garge?' said Joe.

'How can I tell, Joe,' said George.

When the wives came up with their husbands the following week the table was spread with an extra supply of provisions, the mother also being present to pour out. Just before they went home Sam spoke to them quietly, but firmly:

'I am glad you like the coffee, all, because we intend to make a change in respect to the supply of drink. After the first of the New Year we shall no longer supply to our workpeople either beer or cider, but give an equivalent in money. In addition to which, during harvest, threshing, or any such extra times, we shall furnish a good supply of tea, cocoa, or some other beverage of a like kind.'

This announcement was received with no little consternation by the men. Some were silent, others murmured, while one or two openly expressed dissent.

'We shall never get droo' a harvest wi'out th' drenk,' said one.

'We shall be weak as babbies when we come to tackle hard work,' said another,

'We shall be dead afore th' winter's out,' said a third.

'Look here, men,' said Sam, 'You can do without the drink as well as I can. Follow my example, and you will be better in body, mind, and soul, besides having an extra shilling or two of a Saturday night. Each one of you think over the matter and talk it over quietly with the missus at home. There's nothing more to be said that I know of, so good-night, all.'

About a week after one of the men, a young fellow not long married, came to Sam.

'Me an' my missis ha' been talkin' th' matter over, Mester Sam'l, an' we thinks as how we'd like to begin now.'

'I'm very glad to hear it, George. Your wife can make you tea or coffee, and you can come up to the house any time for whey or skimmed milk, both of which are favorite drinks of mine.'

'We both on us thinks o' signin' teetotal.'

'Do so, by all means, and resolve further, as Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."'

'We intends to try, Mester Sam'l, and thank'ee, sir,' and George went on his way well pleased.

The men with one exception, submitted to the change, Joe Davies, 'wasn't going to drenk peg's-wash,' and so found another master. His place was soon filled, however, by a steady young man, who was exceedingly anxious to work under the new regulations.

The chief opposition to the change came from laborers on other farms, who scowled and muttered remarks about 'skilly' and 'peg's-wash' when Sam passed them grouped outside the village public-house; but he simply smiled, and went on his way. The neighboring farmers also troubled themselves greatly, making disparaging remarks when they met him in the market-place, but he, being six feet, and broad-shouldered in proportion, they did not go too far. One or two were anxious for our mother and family, drawing dreadful pictures of grass unmown, and wheat ungarnered because the men, they were quite sure, would not work without drink.

One day, just before the hay-making, as Sam was walking round the farm, he was accosted from the other side of a hedge by Farmer Traver, whose meadows adjoined ours.

'When do 'ee think about settin' th' men on mowin', Mr. Sam?'

'Monday morning, Mr. Traver, I've got the machines all ready. I suppose you will begin in a day or two.'

'Aye, I shall start Monday, all bein' well. How much have 'ee got laid down for mowin' this year?'

'Just about a hundred acres, I suppose. You will have near that?'

'As near as can be. I say, Sam, what be 'ee goin' to do about th' drenk?'

'Do without, Mr. Traver,' replied Sam, smiling.

'I be most afeared there's a lot o' trouble afore 'ee, Mr. Sam, and if you can't get on you must come to me. I'll lend 'ee a hand or two,' said the kind-hearted farmer.

'I thank you very much, Mr. Traver,' said Sam, 'and in case of need I will come to you. Suppose we make a bargain; if you have finished hay-making first, then come to my help, and if I have finished before you then I will come to your help.'

'Agreed, Mr. Sam, I be afeered you'll want help, and shall be glad to come.'

Strange as it appeared to many, we had less trouble with the men during that harvest than ever before. They took well to the change, getting to like the non-intoxicating drinks, and liking still better the little extra money every week.

About the middle of the hay-making, Mr. Traver called to Sam over the hedge:

'How be gettin on, Mr. Sam?'

'Very well, Mr. Traver, thank you, The men appear satisfied, and work with a will.'

'I can see 'em do, and I begins to think as you'll beat me, after all. I wanted to get a few extra load up to-day, an' so gave the men a drop o' best cider, and now there they be a-quarrellin' wi' one another instead o' workin'.'

'I am afraid the drink gets into their heads, Mr. Traver,' said Sam.

'A drop o' good cider oughtn't to hurt any man,' was the reply, 'but I shall put a stop to it afore long if they don't alter.'

In another nine or ten days our last load was carried home and our last rick finished.

'Now then, all,' said Sam, 'to-morrow morning we'll go, men, horses, and waggons, to help Mr. Traver, for the farmer is rather behind.'

The old man was not a little pleased when he saw such a force coming to his help, and gave them a hearty welcome:

'I didn't think as you'd a got afore me like this, Mr. Sam, but I be right glad to see 'ee. You can tell what's wantin' to be done, and you'll please to get about it in your own way.'

The men worked well, anxious to show the wonders that could be wrought in the hayfield without cider. They had, however, to bear no little ridicule, not always good-natured, from the other haymakers, but before the day closed they proved themselves to be the better men. In thanking them for their help, the farmer said:

'I shan't say anything agen teetotal ways after this, and I'd take to 'em myself only I be gettin' too old to make a change.'

After haymaking came the corn harvest, the one ending quite as satisfactorily as the other. When the harvest supper was held, Sam made a little speech to the men.

'I thank you all very heartily on behalf of our mother and myself for your willing help during the harvest, and especially for the cheerfulness with which you accepted the change we made at the beginning of the year. You have proved to me it was the right thing, had I not been certain of it before. In comparing notes with my friend Farmer Traver I find that the cost of harvesting the hay and corn has been something below the average. As it was your efficient work that lessened the cost it is only fair that you should share the benefit derived, and I have much pleasure in handing over to each man a half-sovereign, and to the women and boys a proportionate sum, at the same time thanking you again for the help rendered.'

These remarks, were of course, received with much cheering.

Since we showed the neighboring farmers how well the harvests could be gathered in without drink, others have also stopped the supply, and at the present time there are but few who give away any intoxicating liquor at all during harvest, the majority having fallen in with the better custom of giving some harmless beverage.—'Temperance Record.'

Postman on Stilts.

Englishmen who visit some of the wild and comparatively uncultivated districts of France, known as the Landes, a tract of country beyond Bordeaux, are not unnaturally struck by one of the strangest sights in rural life—a postman who walks on stilts, delivering his letters from farmhouse to farmhouse with leisurely ease. As seen in our picture, this stilted letter-carrier

is delivering a Christmas missive to a peasant who, after having been engaged in agricultural work, observes his friend the postman in the distance and goes forth to meet him and take the letter from his hands. In this part of France stilt-walking is not confined to postmen, but is adopted by very many of the inhabitants, on account of the nature of the ground, which renders locomotion in this way very easy, especially as the stilts are peculiarly constructed with a firm wooden sole at the end. It is surprising how many miles a postman can travel in the day in this way without feeling any great fatigue, as he is supported in a measure by a large staff, by the aid of which he occasionally rests. Our friend is dressed in a picturesque garb, with a heavy cloak, which affords much protection from cold and rain.—'Christian Herald.'

Wine may sometimes move itself aright, but always moves the drinker wrong.—'The Midland.'

The Use of Tools.

(By the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.)

Before I went into the missionary work I had a pretty good knowledge of the use of tools, and had acquired some skill in various departments of machinery. I had experimented a little in chemistry as it then was, and a good deal in steam. This had come, in a providential way, in the struggle for existence; and I thought nothing of it except as so much time lost from my missionary work.

I had not been in Constantinople three months before I began to revise my judgment. Every one who wanted an English article had to go to Stampa's store for it. And, if he was a missionary, he was intentionally insulted by the 'pious' and profane language about the missionary work used by the drinking English engineers with one another. One called 'Big Taylor' was their leader.

I suffered it once; and resolved to have a talk with them on steam, if I should experience like treatment again, I studied up all the difficult points I knew.

The next time I entered the store, Big Taylor, and two of his pals were there, and their talk was an outrage upon decency. When I was going out, I faced around in front of Big Taylor, and asked him if I might propose to him some questions on steam.

'Why, bless your soul! That is our business! You may ask us anything on that!'

They soon found that they were caught in a trap.

I finally told them that I did not doubt they were good and able engineers; but, as to scientific knowledge of steam, they were perfect ignoramuses! In future, would it not be better if I, wanting to know about anything practical, should come to them, and they, wishing to know about anything scientific, should come to me, and I would answer them plainly, or confess my inability? Big Taylor declared his profound respect; and no insulting or profane word was heard by any missionary, in Stampa's store after that. My studies on steam were not lost.

When I had a boarding-school of forty-two boys and young men, a new experience opened upon me.

The evangelical, or Protestant body of Armenians were boycotted to an extent that reduced them almost to starvation. The students had to provide for their own clothing, and all their resources were cut off.

Against many objections I resolved to introduce industrial occupations by which every student should be able to clothe himself by his own labor.

The opportunity was most favorable. There was a great demand for sheet-iron stoves and stovepipes. I had never made such things, but I knew that the process was simple, and, with proper tools, I could teach the students to do the work. They could undersell the Italian and Jewish workmen by fifty percent and yet make splendid wages. There was no money for such an object, which was not believed in; but I obtained forty pounds ($200) from the English engineers!

I sent this money to Moses Pond & Co., Union street, Boston, with the simple request that Mr. Pond would send me tools, to that amount, such as he judged I should need. He sent them magnificently, and I hold him to be a genuine and good man.

I had never seen half the tools, but we learned how to use them. The students were enthusiastic; and in three months every one was well dressed, as the fruit of his own labor, without in the least interfering with his studies.

Questions of socialism and political economy came up in the management of this industry. What share would the unskilful, the lazy, the incompetent, have? What percent should be reserved for keeping up the workshop, and the care of stock, etc.? All this was true enlightenment and education.

Friends of mine were alarmed. 'You may make good mechanics; you will make no teachers or preachers!'

I was written to from Glasgow and Boston; and, finally, it was voted that I close the work shop, and sell the tools and stock. I resolved at once to dismount the tools, and informed the station that the clothing of forty students would now fall upon them. The vote was rescinded; the industry vindicated itself. There were very many interesting results that I must not dwell upon.

But there was a boycotted and suffering community that needed, both for its moral and spiritual health, the privilege of work, from which they were debarred. I, as a foreigner, could protect any industry I should establish. I was able to relieve many in this way; and they proved faithful and capable.

There were about a dozen families, and some young men, altogether beyond any means of help. For them, I succeeded through marvellous obstacles and opposition, in establishing a flour-mill and bakery. Mr. Charles Ede, an excellent English merchant and baker, furnished the capital, in spite of many a sneer at his folly.

It was wonderfully prospered. It furnished every man willing to work, the means of a comfortable living for himself and family. In one year we had paid back half the capital, together with interest.

Then came the Crimean War. The English wanted our bread because it was both the best and the cheapest. We made from five tons to six and a half tons a day. Not a Protestant in Constantinople and vicinity were without work at high wages. It was grandly successful.

I aimed at no profit; but, when all was settled up, at the close of the war I had $25,000 remaining. It was made a building fund, at a time of great need.

Whatever of good there was in all this resulted wholly from the use of tools. I knew nothing of these particular industries; but I knew how to do some things, and they made all other things possible.

Every educated man should have an industrial education as an important part of his course. The eye, the head, the hand, should work together. Our Lord was a carpenter. It is honorable to have a kit of carpenter's tools, and to know how to use them.

I was delighted to find how easy it was to add a movable forge and a few blacksmith's tools, and then a small furnace for melting ores. No one will become an adept in these things; but he will have a good deal of fun, good health, and some usefulness from them. He will laugh at his failures, and rejoice at his successes. He will keep in touch with this age of mechanical achievement, and will be more of a man among men.—'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Boldness.

In olden times Oriental despots expected ambassadors to cringe in the dust if permitted to appear before them. Many did this, but when England's ambassadors came they stood bolt upright. They were told they could not see the Emperor without going on their hands and knees. 'Very well,' they said, 'we will dispense with the luxury.' By so doing they actually rose in the respect of the Oriental nations. It must be just so with Christ's ambassadors. Our cowardice subjects the gospel to contempt. Jesus was never mean or cowardly, nor must his servants be. — 'Spurgeon's "Feathers for Arrows."'

Correspondence

Port Maitland, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the sea-shore. I can see three fish-traps and Cape St. Mary's lighthouse, when the weather is clear. I can see steamers and vessels when they pass by. We often pick up drift stuff, and one time I picked up oranges.

ALMON, aged nine years.

Falmouth, Hants Co.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty little village of Falmouth, which lies along the banks of the Avon River. The water of the Avon is very muddy, but the tide rises so high, and rushes in so swiftly, that, while looking at it and admiring it, we forget the muddy water. The orchards are clothed in pink and white, and the grass has grown tall enough to wave, and is so bright and green that our country looks very beautiful. Our farm is very large, and we have been busy putting in the crop. I can help quite a lot, as I am able to drive a team, harrow and take care of the cows, calves and pigs. We have a very pretty little colt, a few days old. At present I have no pets excepting a Maltese kitten and a pigeon.

DOUGLAS M., aged twelve.

Napanee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters that come from the North-West, and it seems to me I would like to be there when all the flowers are in bloom. I am a great lover of flowers, and wherever I see one I feel like picking it. One time when I was quite small, I went and gathered a lot of field daisies, and brought them home to set out in my flower-garden, but when papa found it out he made me burn them up as they are such a troublesome weed. I think the apple-blossom of itself, about as nice a flower as there is.

GERTIE.

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—I'a keeps a general store and post-office, and I am learning to wait on customers. The country is lovely, everything is robed in beauty. I am very fond of music.

VIOLET, aged ten.

Rugby, N. Dak.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and one brother, he is next to the youngest. We have an Indian pony and we have a big dog. Papa has nine horses, and with the pony, it makes ten.

EDNA, aged ten.

Hazel Cliff, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor, — I live about twenty-four miles north of Wapella, between the Qu'Appelle River and the Little Cut Arm, which is a very pretty place, especially in summer. I am putting in some seeds in my garden. The weather is nice and warm, and everything is growing well. I like the summer very much.

PEARL, aged ten.

Upper Musquodoboit.

Dear Editor,—We are going to have a railway soon, it is expected to come through the place where we live. I often go fishing, as there are a great many trout in the brooks.

NORMAN, aged eleven.

Shoal Harbor, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and I have a lot of pets. Our house is by the sea-shore, and in the summer time we play on the beach. In the winter my brother and I skate on the ice. Papa has a saw-mill, it is great fun to watch the wheels going around.

NELLIE, aged nine.

Noel Shore, N.S.

Dear Eitor,—I always read the correspondence column first. I was much interested in the letter which Maggie, of Lower Selmah, wrote, she is a friend of mine.

I have two sisters, and had five brothers. Two are in the American navy. They are cruising about Cuba. The condensed milk factory at Truro was burned a short time ago. The tide now brings cans of condensed milk to the shore, and we pick them up at noon-time when at school.

We have a garden in which there are lots of roses. We also have a large orchard. I have not many pets, but I like all the little birds, especially the bobolink or swamp robin. It is back now.

MYRTIS LEONA, aged twelve.

LITTLE FOLKS

Jesus More Than Heaven.

(By Rev A. W. Hubbard, of Sivas, Turkey.)

Many years ago an Armenian priest in Turkey began to love his wine and gin more and more, till one day, when he fell down drunk in church before all the people, the bottle in his pocket broke and spilt the liquor out over the church floor. When his health failed he sent for the good missionary, Dr. West, who gave advice both for body and soul. But soon the drunkard died. Not long afterward the doctor died too. Yet the priest's boy had overheard the doctor's advice, and when he grew up to be a schoolmaster he was not only a strong total abstinence young man, but he also resolved to do what he could for Jesus in his old Armenian school and church, where Protestants did not come. 'Never mind,' he said, 'though they do not let me have Sunday-school now, I can lead some of the boys to become Christians just by the way I pronounce the precious name, Jesus, on week days.'

Months passed away and one of the scholars, thirteen years old, was taken very sick. His Armenian parents did not send for their own priest, but for a Mahomedan dervish to come and pray over the boy. After the dervish had finished his prayer the first day, the boy said: 'You didn't have anything about Jesus in your prayer.' The second time when the boy heard the dervish coming he shut his eyes, pretending to be asleep and not to hear. But when he knew that he was dying, he told the dervish: 'This time you must put the name of Jesus into your prayer.' The dervish answered: 'I've told you already that the name of Jesus in my prayer would spoil it all and make you lose your soul.' And the dying boy with all his remaining strength cried out: 'Go away then, dervish, go away! I'd rather be lost along with Jesus than to go to heaven without him.' —'Mission Dayspring.'

The Winged Tailors.

Certain brisk little birds that hop, flirt their tails, and raise their wings and feathers, showing a black stripe on their necks that is not visible when they are quiet, may be seen picking up such insects as come in their way around the villages, among the orchards, and in the hedge-rows and gardens of India. At every hop they call out, 'Pretty! Pretty!' or something very much like it, unless approached too closely, when they become frightened and angry, and have a very different cry.

These birds are tailors. Their thread is made of cobweb silk from cocoons, of wool, dried grass, or cotton. Their needles are their bills, and their cloth the leaves of some plant upon which they build their nests. Taking two leaves at the end of a slender branch, this little tailor sews the edges closely together, so as to form a sort of sack or

purse, into which it packs a supply of fine cotton wool, and making a small cup-like space, where the eggs may lie and the nestlings rest in ease and comfort.

The eggs, from three to four in number, are sometimes white, spotted with reddish-brown, and sometimes bluish-green, with the same markings. The nests vary as well as the eggs. Sometimes, for instance, only one large leaf is used, the opposite edges being brought together, and sometimes three or more leaves are stitched, not together, but to the outside of the nest, which is always hung at the extreme end of a branch to keep it safely out of reach.—'Rays of Light.'

How Wi-Yu Did It.

Wi-yu's father and mother were pagans. She never heard a word about Jesus Christ till she came to the asylum. One day Wi-yu (pronounced We-yu) walked up to me and said: 'I want to give myself away to you.' I was much surprised, but looked into the little girl's black eyes and said, 'Why does Wi-yu wish to give herself to me?' 'Because,' she said simply, 'I love you.' After this they all called Wi-yu my little girl.

One day, while Wi-yu sat by me learning how to hem a handkerchief neatly, I asked her if she loved Jesus, of whom I had been talking to her. 'No,' she said, 'I do not, but I want to. I want to be a Christian, but I'm too little.'

'But Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me."'

'I don't know how to go to him; I don't know what to do,' she said.

'Wi-yu,' said I, 'you must give yourself away to him.'

She looked at me in surprise. 'How can I do that?' she exclaimed.

'How did you give youself to me?'

'I came to you and asked you to take me because I loved you.'

'Why do you love me, dear?' She hesitated a moment and then answered:

'I think it must be because you love me.'

'Yes, Wi-yu, that is just the reason. Now, Jesus has been loving you all this time, while you have not been caring the least for him.'

She stopped sewing and sat very still for a while, thinking. I did not say a word because I knew the Holy Spirit was teaching her. At last she said:

'Would Jesus be willing for me to give myself away to him just as I did to you?'

'Certainly, my dear child, that is exactly what he wants you to do. He wants all of you, too. He wants your little feet to run for him, your lips and tongue to speak for him, and your whole heart to love him.'

After some more quiet thinking, Wi-yu knelt by my side, 'My Jesus, I give myself to you. I give my hands, my feet, my mouth, my tongue and my heart. I give you all of myself. Please take me, dear Jesus.

She arose and said, 'Do you think he heard me?'

'I am sure of it,' said I, 'and you will find his promise in your Testament.' Together we found these precious words in her Indian Testament: 'Any one that cometh unto me I will not thrust aside.' Believing that Jesus meant just what he said, she from that moment knew

that she was his own dear, saved child.

A few days after I said to her, 'Wi-yu, after you had given yourself to me, did you try any harder to please me?'

'Oh, yes!' she said, with a bright face. 'I tried to please you in everything, even in the very little things.'

'Are you willing to do anything to please Jesus?'

'I think I am,' she answered.

'Will you tell the other girls that you are now trying to live a Christian life?'

She hung her head and blushed. 'I'm ashamed to tell them,' she said.

Were you ashamed to tell them that you had given yourself to me?'

'Oh, no, indeed!'

'And yet, my Wi-yu, you are ashamed of Jesus, your most precious friend, your wonderful friend, who loves you so much and who saves you from your sins. O, Wi-yu! Wi-yu! Let us now ask him to forgive you and help you to please him even in this.'

We knelt and Wi-yu said with a voice choking with sobs:

'My own dear Jesus, please forgive me for being ashamed and afraid, and help me to tell them all that I have given myself away.' When we arose she said:

'I can tell them now; I will tell everybody.'

On her way to find her schoolmates, she met a minister who was visiting the Indians, and of whom she was very much afraid, because he was a stranger; but, mustering up all her courage, she looked up to him and said, 'I have given myself away to Jesus.'

He was much surprised and touched as he thought of his daughters at home who knew so much more about Jesus than this little Indian girl, and had not begun to love him. He put his arm about the little timid Wi-yu and said some very kind and helpful things to her. After this she found it easier to tell them all, and she even gained courage to write her stern pagan father, although she was quite sure that he would be angry with her. Here is a copy of the letter:

'My dear father: I have given myself away to Jesus, and I am not ashamed nor afraid of it.'

Her father was alone when this message reached him, and nobody knows what he thought. But the very next Sabbath he walked several miles to the mission church and heard the missionary preach about the same Jesus to whom his little daughter had given herself. After that he kept coming until he, too, became a Christian.—American Paper.

Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against selfish desiring
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says 'No!'

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight
'The right' be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, knowing who are the heroes,
Will give you his strength in the strife.
—'Children's Treasury.'

Putting Off Her Duties.

'Come, Helen, breakfast is ready.'

'Yes, papa; pretty soon,' said Helen.

She was tying a pink ribbon around the neck of her kitty. She fastened the bow securely, and then pushed kitty off, to see how it looked; but the little creature did not choose to be admired, and away she ran down the garden walk, and Helen started after her.

'Helen!' called her father again.

'Yes, papa; in a minute,' said Helen. 'I want to catch my kitty.'

The kitty ran in among the currant bushes and Helen pushed in after her, but, before she could reach her, pussy was away out on the other side. Helen continued the chase until she captured the little runaway, and then she walked slowly back, carrying her little pet. When at last she went into the house papa and mamma had finished breakfast, and were just leaving the table.

'Oh, dear! I don't want to eat alone,' said Helen.

"Those two little words, "pretty soon," will cause you greater inconvenience than this,' said Helen's papa, 'unless you resolve not to listen to them. Yesterday when mamma called you to put away your beautiful doll you said "pretty soon," but before you came Fido had torn her pretty clothes and broken her arms. And last week, you were going to give your canary some water "pretty soon," but he was left nearly all day with nothing to drink. By putting off our duties, we often lose the opportunity to perform them at all.'

Helen thought of her papa's words while she ate her lonely breakfast, and she resolved in future to go as soon as she is called. She will find this much the happiest way. Children who are always putting off will likely become useless men or women.—'The Morning Light.'

All young people should cultivate a taste for reading, and should plan to own a good, if not a large selection of good books. They are good companions, and they are faithful friends

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XVII.—CLEAN WATER.

1. How can we make sure that the water we use is clean?

By boiling it, and by using strainers and filters.

2. Does it help to put it in tea or coffee or wine?

No, these do not cleanse it; they make it worse.

3. When the water is not pure, is it better to take wine or beer?

It is not, because there is a dangerous poison in wine and beer.

4. What is this dangerous poison?

It is alcohol.

5. Why cannot alcohol do the work of water in the body?

Because it hurts, defiles, and destroys, and does not cleanse the living body.

6. Name one of the ways in which it hurts.

It sucks up the friendly, helpful water in our bodies so that they cannot work well.

7. What does it do to the nerves?

It takes out some of their moisture so that they cannot feel correctly.

8. How does that deceive us?

By blunting the feelings it makes us fancy that it does us good.

9. How, then, should we compare water and alcohol?

Water is our friend and alcohol is always our enemy.

10. How can we best avoid being hurt by this enemy?

By shutting the door of our little house and keeping him out.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XVII.—ALCOHOL AND THE BONES, MUSCLES, AND SKIN.

1. What did you learn that God meant our bodies to be?

His beautiful temple, in which he could live.

2. What is the framework of this beautiful temple?

Our bones make the framework, giving shape to our bodies, as the strong timbers of a house give it shape and strength.

3. How many bones have we?

More than two hundred, all nicely fitted together, and with easy joints.

4. What makes the bones firm and hard?

The lime of the food we eat. At first our bones are quite soft, but they gradually grow hard and strong.

5. What kind of food do we need to make them so?

The very best of good food, with plenty of lime in it.

6. What do you think about the bones of children badly fed?

Their bones remain soft and weak, so they cannot run and play as healthy children do.

7. What does alcohol do to the bones?

It injures a child's bones very much. It is such a strong poison it injures the whole body, by injuring the blood, by which the body is built up.

8. How are the bones made to move, so a person can walk, for instance, or can stretch out his arm?

By the muscles which cover the bones all over.

9. Do the muscles make a large part of the body?

Yes, a very large part, giving it its roundness and beauty.

10. What do the muscles do?

Many things; giving the body its pleasant look, giving it all its power of motion, and forming many important organs, as the heart, and the stomach.

11. How are the muscles made strong?

By much exercise, and by good, plain, strong food.

12. Are tobacco and alcohol good for the muscles?

No; indeed. They ruin the blood, by which the muscles are built up, and so weaken the muscles.

13. What else do they do to the muscles?

They change their strong flesh into unhealthy fat, sometimes making the person look very much rounder and more ruddy than before. But the fat is not good; it is made of dead matter, not fit to be in the body at all.

14. Do people who are going to engage in races or match games of any kind use alcohol?

No, not at all, because they know that it will weaken them and prevent the winning of a prize.

15. With what is the body covered?

With the skin, which protects the tender flesh under it.

16. What do you know about the skin?

It is in two layers. The outside layer is very tough, and has no nerves at all; but the inner layer is full of tiny nerves, which are hurt when we prick, or cut, or burn any part of the body.

17. Are there any blood-vessels in the outer layer?

No; but there are a great many in the inner layer; and if we prick or cut ourselves, some of these little blood-vessels are broken, and the blood flows out.

18. What care should be given the skin?

It should be often and thoroughly washed, because, through it a great part of the impurities of the body are thrown out, and they should not be left on the outside of the skin.

19. What effect does alcohol have on the skin?

It makes it red and rough, because it paralyzes the delicate nerves that control the small blood-vessels of the inner skin. Then these blood vessels become crowded with blood, making the skin look very red and coarse.

Hints to Teachers.

Again a picture of the parts considered will be of great aid in teaching the lesson. A drawing, highly magnified, of a section of the skin, a picture of the skeleton and another of the muscles, will show the parts they play in our physical economy. The children will learn that there is no part of the body so thoroughly protected that the treacherous and cruel foe, alcohol, cannot seek it out and destroy it. Have the children repeat, again and again, the truths that 'Alcohol is a deadly poison,' and that 'It is the nature of a little alcohol to produce an appetite for more.'

What I Saw From My Window.

(*A true story.*)

A great farm-yard is opposite our house, and from the upper windows we can see a great deal that goes on in it. Last week I saw something which made me very sad.

Among the farm-boys is such a nice, bright, willing boy called Harry. It is always a pleasure to see him go about his work, so quick and strong and handy; and he is such a pleasant boy, with a cheery word for everyone, and a pat for the old yard-dog, who always wags his tail at him—a good character, in any boy! Well, the other afternoon, I saw Harry brought into the yard lying on a heap of sacks at the bottom of a cart. The men who drove the cart lifted him out, not over gently, and carried him into a shed and left him there, and came out laughing and joking with one another. Of course I went to see what had happened, and I came back with a heavy heart, but I too left Harry there.

A little later Harry's little sister came running home from school, and she looked into the yard, as she often did on her way home, to look for her brother. She soon ran home and fetched her mother, and I shall not easily forget that poor mother's face when she looked at her son, and left him on his bed of straw, going home with the little sister alone.

A few hours later, a shame-faced, miserable-looking boy got up from his long sleep, and staggered out of the yard, and went to his mother, with an aching head and an aching heart. Little Fan ran to meet him, but he pushed her away, and sitting down before the table, on which lay the supper he could not taste, he rested his head on his hands, and hid the face down which slow tears were stealing.

What a different home-coming from the usual one! What could be the matter? So asked Fan, but Mother said quietly, 'Harry is not well,' and when Fan was off to bed, it all came out.

Harry had been his first really long journey with the waggons, and the men with whom he went had stopped at many public-houses on the way, and at each one had given poor Harry a drop out of their mugs, and the boy had not been strong enough or brave enough to say 'No,' and the alcohol had poisoned him—had made him drunk. The men who had led the innocent boy into shame and sin saw nothing but a joke in the foul deed, and laughed at the boy and with one another, and said 'he would soon get used to it.'

'God helping me, I will not,' cried Harry earnestly, for he knew it is 'Fools who make a mock at sin,' and he knew, too, that no drunkards shall have their part in the Kingdom of Heaven.

That evening he told Mother all about it, and how he had thought it rather grand to be like the men; though all the while his conscience pricked him, and he thought of his little brothers and sisters at their Band of Hope, and he half wished he had not come on the journey to market that day. But as he had begun he must go on; and when they started home the men had something much stronger and hotter than beer all round, and that finished Harry off, and the return journey was made in a shameful sleep, to be followed by an aching head and jeers and scoffs. These only increased when his companions found that Harry had given up 'alcohol' for ever, and had joined the temperance men.

He had to fight a bit at first, and stand some bullying and coarse joking, but happily he knew where to seek help, and with an earnest prayer to God to help him, and with Mother to tell it to, he was able to stand firm, and Harry was soon let alone to go his own way.

We trust that way will always be the Good Temperance Road—the only safe road for boys and girls, who want to be good and useful men and women some day, and happy, trustworthy boys and girls now.—'The Adviser.'

The Greedy Bottle.

A poor, undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said, 'I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?' His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again and sobbed so loud that he did not hear a step behind him, until a voice said:

'Well! what's all this?' He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

'Who broke my bottle?' he said.

'I did,' said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

'Why did you?' Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

'Why,' he said, 'I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes.'

'How came you to think you'd find shoes in the bottle?' the father asked.

'Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again.'

'No, I guess you won't,' he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

'New shoes! New shoes!' he shouted. 'O father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?'

'No, my boy, there ain't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this.'—'Arkansas Methodist.'

LESSON I.—JULY 3.

The Kingdom Divided.

I. Kings xii., 16-25. Memory verses, 16-19. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.'—Prov. xv., 1.

Home Readings.

M. I. Kin. xi., 4-13.—Solomon's sin.
T. I. Kin. xi., 14-25.—Solomon's adversaries.
W. I. Kin. xi., 26-43.—The great revolt predicted.
T. I. Kin. xii., 1-33.—The kingdom divided.
F. I. Kin. xiii., 1-34.—Jeroboam and the man of God.
S. II. Chron. xii., 1-16.—Rehoboam's reign.
S. II. Chron. xiii., 1-22.—Jeroboam's defeat and death.

Lesson Story.

We have just finished learning how our Lord made the New Covenant or Testament with his own life-blood, we are to learn from these Old Testament stories why the New Testament was needed.

David, the 'man after God's own heart,' who had repented most deeply his dreadful sin, had been king over Israel for forty years. His son Solomon, 'the wise king,' reigned after him forty years, and Rehoboam, Solomon's son, expected to reign after him But God had promised Jeroboam (I. Kings xi., 29-38), that he should be king over ten of the twelve tribes of Israel. When Rehoboam went to Shechem to be crowned, all the people demanded that he should deal better with them than his father had done, and make their yoke easier. He promised them an answer in three days.

Rehoboam consulted with the old men who had been his father's counsellors, they advised him to be gentle, but he paid no attention to their counsel. He obeyed instead the foolish advice of the young men his companions, to speak roughly to the people; and promised to be much more cruel than was his father Solomon.

But the nation refused to submit to such a king and curtly answered that Rehoboam might reign over his own tribe, Judah. Rehoboam made one more attempt to secure Israel's submission, by sending Adoram, one of his most trusted officers, probably to make concessions to them and seek to win them back. But the people stoned Adoram and he died in the sight of his king.

The ten tribes made Jeroboam their king. Rehoboam fled to Jerusalem and got together 180,000 warriors to fight against the rebellious tribes, but God sent a prophet to forbid their going to war.

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. What was the name of Jeroboam's father?
2. Whose son was Rehoboam?
3. Over what portion of the kingdom did Rehoboam reign?
4. Was Jeroboam a good man?
5. About what date did this division of the kingdom take place?
6. How does the Golden Text apply to the lesson?

Lesson Hints.

Use the map for every lesson. Let the scholars each make their own maps when possible, drawing at first only the outlines and putting in the names of the cities as they are mentioned in the lessons. The primary classes should have sand maps as well as pictures. Let the scholars write on the back of their maps some incident connected with each city, for instance, 'Shechem' —Revolt of the ten tribes of Israel.'

One of the most important duties of a teacher is to see that each scholar reads his lesson from the bible. If the scholar has a bible of his own encourage him to bring it every Sunday, if not, the Sunday-school may provide them, but every boy and girl should have a bible of his or her own. The Sunday-school lesson must be read from the book of God's law, or else it loses most of its impressiveness. Certainly a child who reads a few verses here and a few verses there, from a lesson leaf can gain no idea of the sacred continuity and majestic oneness of the scriptures.

Young people enjoy hunting up verses and parallel facts for the lesson. Each one should be thoroughly familiar with his bible, learning the names of the books in order and forming some idea of the length of each book so as to find passages quickly and with ease.

If our young people are not taught the use of the bible in Sunday-school how can they be expected to become familiar with it during the week? Or how shall they know to base their life and love upon it when Sunday-school days are over for them?

Suggested Hymns.

'Who is on the Lord's side?' 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'Hear the battle-cry,' 'There's a Royal Banner,' 'Onward Christian soldiers.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

JULY 3.

The voice of the people is sometimes the voice of God. Verse 16.

Loyalty to Christ demands that we obey our rulers only in as far as their laws are based upon justice and truth. Verse 17.

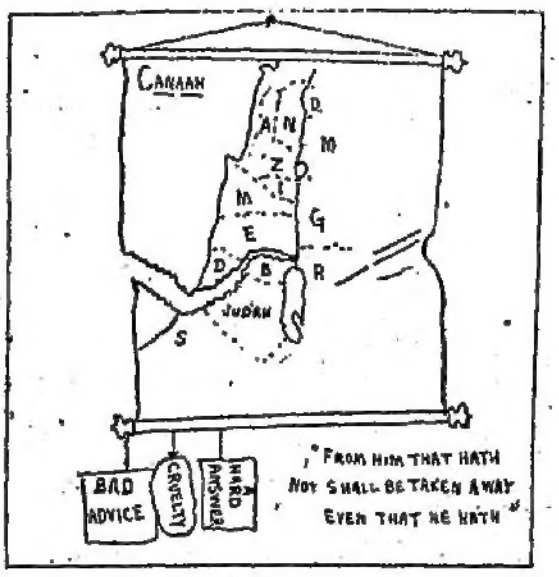
God's sovereignty will never lessen man's responsibility. Verses 18, 19 and verse 15.

The Lord setteth down one and raiseth up another. Verse 20.

God's ways are always better than ours, therefore we should never fight against them. Verses 21-24.

A new kingdom requires a new seat of government. So when Jesus comes to reign in our hearts every gate should be thrown open to receive him. Verse 25.

The Lesson Illustrated.



Christian Endeavor Topics.

July 3.—Honoring father and mother. — Eph. vi., 14; Prov. xvii., 6, 21, 25.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Who Were They Praying For?'

For ten long years Mrs. H——prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that He was 'faithful who had promised,' but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion as far from hers, as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how 'God so loved,' and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do His will.

One evening at the church prayer-meeting, her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service, she rose timidly and said: 'For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?'

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H—— was well known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H——had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered, unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

'Tell me, wife,' he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, 'who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?'

'He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church,' replied Mrs. H——.

'Wife,' he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, 'who was it they were praying for?'

'The husband of one of the sisters, Charles.'

'Well, wife,' he replied, 'that man will certainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before.'

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, 'Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?'

'He was the husband of one of the ladies present,' replied Mrs. H——, and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. 'Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?'

There was joy in the presence of angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning, he found Mr. H——'praising and blessing God.'

Blessed words of Jesus, '*If two of you* shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.'—American Paper.

The Child's Garden.

A little garden of its own, where it may plant and dig and pull weeds up and potter about to its heart's content, is a very great boon to a child. For children love to work, and like to make play of their work, and work of their play; they yearn for activity they desire to possess something which they may do with as they please.

Usually the home garden is not as attractive to a little child as it might be, because there are too many Don'ts and Thou shalt nots about it. Little fingers must not break off the flowers, little feet must not trample the turf, little playmates must stay away, for their games and romping may do mischief. In the country there are always the fields overflowing with daisies and clover, and the lanes where one may wander along looking up through green branches to the sky; but a city child has only a back yard with narrow flower borders around a square plot of velvet-green grass, a limited realm indeed.

Even here, however, the sensible mother may contrive a little garden for the children, or a small bed for each child, where seeds may be sown, and such homely favorites as petunias, four-o'clocks, lady's-slippers, and pansies grow without much care. A few hardy pinks, or the old-fashioned ribbon-grass, a verbena, a lily, larkspur, perhaps a monthly rose, a few sweet peas, and the child's sense of beauty will be cultivated, and he will have what we all want most, when we think about it — flowers to give away. It is so lovely to have a flower from the child's own garden for papa's buttonhole, for mamma's plate at the breakfast-table, for the dear friend who is going on a journey and would like something sweet to look at in the cars. And then there may be a flower-mission, and the child will be glad to contribute from his garden for the pleasure of sick people burning up in hospitals, burning with fever, tossing in pain; or of blind people too old and too wretched to enjoy much more in the world, but cheered up by a flower; or of little children who live in crowded tenements and never have much fun, and are made glad when flowers come into their lives.

A part of every child's training should be to give pleasure systematically to others, and this is best done by teaching little people to give away something which they prize, not on the impulse of heedless prodigality, but because everyone is responsible for the happiness or misery of everyone else; and we are all bound in one bundle, and only by giving conscientiously and according to rule do we ever learn to be generous and kind and considerate of someone or something beyond ourselves. The child's garden may train him to spontaneous kindness as hardly anything else which he owns can do.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Housewifery Hints.

(By Fanny L. Fancher.)

The weekly washing is ever considered the bete noir of house-keeping, and when performed as did our great-grandmothers, it is not surprising; yet many housewives are loth to try new and easier methods.

'You'll not catch me using kerosene in my wash, fur I'm sure it'll yaller the clothes!'

Then this rut-bound woman will rub, rub, rub her garments, destroying not only herself with over exertion, but the fiber of her clothing as well. In the wisdom of her conceit she will not heed the advice of many who tell her that kerosene extracts disease as well as stains and dirt. Handkerchiefs alive with catarrhal bacilli will become harmless by this process of cleansing, and fruit stains will readily yield when kerosene is employed. An acquaintance of the writer tells that she supposed her finest white gowns were ruined by peach and pear stains, since they had been laundered in a careless manner. She soaked them in the oil, however, and not a vestige of stain remained in them after the next washing was over.

When marking table linen, handkerchiefs, etc., a friend spilled the indelible ink on a handkerchief. Instead of throwing it in the stove, as was her first impulse, she saturated it with kerosene, and no ink was visible after laundering.

There are various ways of using the oil in washing. Some use with washing powders, and others with soap. A thorough incorporation of either with the oil is essential to good results. The following modus operandi has been successfully tried in the writer's family, which consists of six members:

Shave in thin slices a bar of soap, and boil, in a small quantity of water, until dissolved. To this soft soap add four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. To a boiler two-thirds full of water add one-half of soap mixture and the finest of the clothes that have previously soaked a few hours. When scalded about twenty minutes remove to warm sudsing water; add more cold water and soap mixture, and place the remainder of the clothes in the boiler. When sudsing, the washboard can be employed for the most soiled pieces; but sheets, pillow-slips and many other things will be found sufficiently clean without rubbing, hence the cloth is saved as well as the more valuable strength and time. For rinsing employ, if possible, soft water, as it is always better, and especially is this so when one uses the kerosene oil.

To the conservative reader who asks of the permanent results of such manner of washing, I would relate a recent occurrence which answered that query to my complete satisfaction. An old school acquaintance was visiting the writer. Though agreeable, she is unprogressive, and consequently clings with great tenacity to old usages. As her great-grandmother did her washing, so does she, considering easier ways as sheer laziness.

The weekly washing was well under way, when the domestic called me, and producing an under-garment of my guest, said in trepidation, 'I can't possibly get this gray thing white! just see how grindy all her things look beside our clothes!'

I could but smile over her confusion, and was really startled at the contrast. White as the driven snow appeared my clothes when compared to this woman's, who could never be induced to wash my 'new-fangled way.' To any one fearing an unpleasant odor in the clothing, I will say that no one can have more sensitive olfactory nerves than the writer, who has never noticed other than the freshest, sweetest smell from garments thus cleansed. Indeed for this very reason clothing fresh from the line, redolent of sunshine and air, is preferred to those nearly burned with hot flat irons.—'Christian at Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Lemon Custard Pie.—Beat three eggs, add one even cupful of white sugar, the juice and grated rind of a good-sized lemon; wet two tablespoonfuls of flour with cold water until very smooth, then pour over it one gill of boiling water; strain through tin strainer and add to the eggs. Have ready a crust on a pie plate, pour in the mixture and bake; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; add a little sifted sugar. When the pie is baked, spread on the frosting and set in the oven to brown a little.

New England Johnny Cake. — One pint corn meal, one pint flour, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, three eggs and one and one-fourth pints of milk. Sift together, corn meal, flour, sugar, salt, and powder; rub in the lard cold; add beaten eggs and milk; mix into firm, smooth batter; pour into square, shallow bake pan; bake in rather hot oven forty-five minutes.

Newspaper Opinion.

The 'Witness' does its own thinking and then speaks out its mind.

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For instance, one does not often see a party paper condemn the party schemes, neither does one often see a paper that inserts liquor advertisements supporting prohibition. Nor yet does one see a paper that values circulation above everything wage war against anything that has the sympathy or support of large numbers of its readers or possible readers. The policy of such a paper is always, 'Don't make enemies unless by so doing more friends can be made than lost.'

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